

A Brown Puppy and A Falling Star



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FLORENCE SARAH WINSHIP



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One evening Brown Puppy was walking down a country road just as the stars came out. Brown Puppy, who always wished on stars, looked up at the sky and said, "Star light, star bright, I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight. I wish I had a —" Brown Puppy stopped. What would he wish for tonight?

Sometimes
Brown Puppy
wished for a
bone . . .



and sometimes for a dry
place to sleep, because
he didn't have a home and
these were things he needed.





But he had just eaten, and it didn't look like rain, so Brown Puppy couldn't think of a thing to wish for.



As he walked along, Brown Puppy listened to the baby birds twittering happily as they settled down to sleep in their cozy nests.

Brown Puppy thought it would be nice to sleep in the same place every night.

He saw a little field mouse calling her children in from play. Brown Puppy thought it would be nice to have someone to call him home every evening.





Brown Puppy thought and thought. At last he looked up at the bright star and said, "I wish I had a home."

Just then the bright star began sliding down the sky. "I'll follow the falling star," decided Brown Puppy, "and wherever it lands I'll find a home."





Brown Puppy ran down the road, but the star slid behind some trees and he couldn't see it anymore. He stopped and looked this way and that.

Soon his friend Furry Rabbit hopped up and asked, "What are you looking for?"

"Where did the falling star go?" asked Brown Puppy.

"Down behind Pine Woods," said Furry Rabbit.





"I'll run fast and I'll run far, so I can find the falling star," said Brown Puppy as he hurried down the road.

He ran fast and he ran far, but he didn't find the falling star in Pine Woods. He found his friend Tiny Chipmunk.



“Where did the falling star go?” asked Brown Puppy.

“I think I saw it go down near Babbling Brook,” said Tiny Chipmunk.



"I'll run fast and I'll run far, so I can find the falling star," said Brown Puppy as he hurried through the woods.

He ran fast and he ran far, but he didn't find the falling star at Babbling Brook. He found his friend Spotted Deer.



“Where did the falling star go?” asked Brown Puppy.

“Go down to Green Meadow,” said Spotted Deer, “and look in Blue Pond. Maybe it fell in there.”

"I'll run fast and I'll run far, so I can find the falling star," said Brown Puppy.

He ran fast and he ran far, but he didn't find the falling star in Blue Pond. He found his friend Gray Squirrel playing nearby.





By this time Brown Puppy was tired and all out of breath. He sat down beside Blue Pond, looking very sad. He thought of how his friends would laugh when he went back and told them he had run a long way and found nothing.





"I guess I'll never find it," sighed Brown Puppy.

"Find what?" asked Gray Squirrel.

"I wished on the falling star," said Brown Puppy. "Then I chased it a long, long way. I was sure when I found it, I would find a home."



“Silly little puppy,” said Gray Squirrel, “no one ever finds the falling star. But if you go over there and wait”— he pointed to a white house sitting at the edge of Green Meadow— “you will find someone else who wishes on stars.”



The wise squirrel was smiling. He knew who the someone else was, but he didn't tell Brown Puppy.

Brown Puppy ran across Green Meadow to the white house.

He saw an
old owl, but
he wasn't
wishing on
stars.



He saw a fat
woodchuck,
but he wasn't
wishing on
stars.



Brown Puppy sat
down to wait.



“Star light, star bright,” Brown Puppy heard a voice say. He looked and there, in the doorway of the house, he saw the someone else who wished on stars. It was a boy named Peter.





"I wish I may, I wish I might," Peter was saying, "have the wish I wish to-night. Oh, I *wish* I had a puppy."

Brown Puppy was so surprised, he barked, "Bow-wow!" Then Peter was surprised.





Brown Puppy looked at Peter and wagged his tail. "Oh, I hope this boy likes me," thought Brown Puppy, "then my wish will come true and his wish will come true."

Peter looked at Brown Puppy and said, "I wish for a puppy just . . . like . . . you."



“I ran fast and I ran far,” thought Brown Puppy happily, “and I didn’t find the falling star. I found Peter. And won’t Furry Rabbit and Tiny Chipmunk and Spotted Deer be *surprised* when they hear that?”





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